

T is a pity that all New York cannot understand Mme. Komisarzhevsky. the Russian actress, who is appearing at Daly's before audiences made up almost entirely of her own countrypeople. But she is an artist so well worth seeing that hearing isn't believing in her case, for after all she speaks the language of life. Whether or not she learns English for the benefit of Broadway matters very little-even with our tongue ir her head she would probably be caviare to the general run of theatregoers. She is not a "showy" actress; she isn't "sensational"; unlike Mme. Nazimova. she isn't up to all the tricks of the trade. She is like a sister of Duse, and her face seems made to express the same passive suffering.

Mme. Komisarzhevsky's face haunts you long after you have left the theatre. It seems at least a size too small for a figure by no means large. Her serious, sorrowful eyes burn through a dead-white mask, and look, always unsmillingly, from beneath a broad forehead over which soft brown hair falls Your first impression of her is that she is more intellectual than emotional, and this line of thought naturally leads you to compare her with Mrs. Piske. But you soon shake your head at this, remembering Mrs. Fiske's exposed nerves, and slowly becoming convinced that the Russian's nerves are serving a life sentence of solitary confinement.

There is no animation, no magnetism, in this simple realist. The sensitive mouth has a downward droop, the receding chin is tremulously weak. Everything about her is inconspicuously simple, absolutely natural, and almost defiantly unsympathetic. This at any rate was the impression she gave in last night's "The Fires of St. John."

It may have been Sudermann, or it may have been the soul of the woman berself, but the emotion of this strange actress, seemed parched. Her voice was dry and sometimes hard in her throat. It was deep but not musical. It med to come from the head, not from the heart, yet it fairly leaped with passion when Manike learned that it was she George loved and not the daughter of the people who had taken her under their roof when her beggar mother would have let her die in the forest.

it was hangry love released for the moment. It snatched its moment like a thief, then fell back to let George take his girl-bride to church, and ended in a broken heart cry. For the rest of the time, Manike, like her hag of a mother, was a beggar in the house. Where Miss Nance O'Neil once claimed the centre of the stage in the same role, Mme. Komisarzhevsky kept close to the walls, stealing in and out like a human apology.

The Russian actress practised the almost unknown art of self-effacement. Instead of holding the centre of the stage she held you in a spell of genuine and simple art. She fascinated without any of the tricks of fascination. The art of a Duse, of a Lena Ashwell, is of a different sort from that of a Bernhardt or a Nazimova. Mme. Komisarzhevsky belongs in the class of the former. Her company follows her good example. Mr. A. M. Feona, who played George may have looked like a barber but he did not act like one.

Realism ran straight through the cast and found its limit in the horrfble picture which Mme, O. P. Narbekov gave of the filthy, drunken gypsy mother. She was such a fearful speciacle that the audience gasped when the daughter embraced her. But the loathsome creature, with her begging smile and her greedy, thieving hands, was a character study that compelled admiration even from

those who shuddered at the sight.

No lover of acting should miss seeing Mme. Komisarzhevsky. Those who may go to see a Countess will find an actress. But in spite of her title she will never be "fashionable." Broadway will probably turn its overdressed back on her and try to use her name as a joke. Wait and see!

CHARLES DARNTON.

What Busy Pens Have Earned.

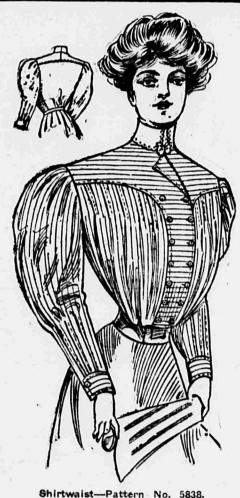
Daudet's "Sapho" brought \$200,000. Lamartine's "History" brought \$100,00 'aradise Lost' was sold by Milton for \$50. Hugh Conway sold "Called Back" for \$400. Chateaubriand's literary earnings were \$110,000. Mark Twain in his lifetime has earned \$700,000. Browning's earnings were about \$10,000 annually Hugo is said to have made \$250,000 out of six books. "The Wandering Jew" as a serial netted Sue \$20,000. "King Solomon's Mines" netted \$5,000 on its first sale. Goldsmith got 800 guineas for his "Animated Nature." Dickens left an estate of \$400,000, the results of his writing. "Uncle Remus" Harris has received \$100,000 for "Br'er Rabbit." Tennyson received for his poetry between \$25,000 and \$35,000 a year. As an author Anthony Trollope received \$500,000 during his lifetime Thomas Moore never made more than \$5,000 a year from his work. For "Middlemarch" George Ellot got \$40,000, and for "Romola" \$35,000 Macaulay's history brought the author \$100,000 during its first ten weeks' sal Emile Richebourg used to get \$20,000 each for his novels before they appeared Scott earned from \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year by his pen for several years. For

seven novels and nine volumes of tales he received \$550,000. Georges Ohnet received \$10,000 for "The Forge Master," as a novel, and \$15,000 from it as a play in the first three months. Out of the play he made more than

Chamois Maker Is a Magician,

OST everybody uses chamois, and everybody imagines it comes from the graceful goats of the Swiss Alps. But it doesn't. It really hails from the cavernous depths of tanneries of Peabody, in New England. Pea body tanners make beautiful leathers of sheep pelts. The chamois maker is a magician of the leather trade. To his doors he draws sheepskins from the great ranches of Montana, or their possible future rivals on the plains of Siberia, the pampas of Argentine, or the fields of Australia. Mary's little lamb, masquerading as brave Swiss chamois, has a wonderful career

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



is entirely diatimotive and fresh and is well adapted to waisting flannels as well as to taffeta and washable material. Also the fashiorable stripes have a good effect when so made. As illustrated, the material is one of the new Scotch flan nels, but cashmere henrietta and tatfeta are to be comnended. The little revers at the front are exceedingly smart in effect, yet involve no difficulty either in the making or the launder ing, and the yoke at the back can be used or omitted as is found most becoming. The sleeves tucked to form deep de ring." ouffs are both novel and pretty, but are ered, can be subst!- % tuted. The waist is fronts and the yoke

The quantity of

Pattern No. 5838 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust have received letters and postals from her in which she tells me she cares a two young men. I like one of these LOVE my sweetheart very much, and

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-TON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and al-

SIMME A

BI4 BEER!

BIG! SEE?

AH! A MONKEY!

HAVE A DRINK,

OLD MAN?





I'LL GIVE YOU A NOPE! WON'T THOUSAND DOLLARS SELL HIM AT FOR HIM, MISTER ! ANY PRICE!





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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Daphne, beautiful wife of Dr. Philip Keith, is kidnapoed from her husband's New York home. Although innocent, she is made to appear at fault, and Philip beleves her guity. Having escaped, she is returning home, when her train is wrecked. Daphne is badly injured and is disfigured for life Through an official blunder she is thought to be dead. Philip marries his ward, Olive Marr. Daphne's little boy and girl are forbidden to mention their mother's name. Five years later, dissolited as an old woman, and

The New East Lynne.

her. The Keiths move to their country place at Highlawn. Daphne follows then secretly, to be near the children. As the house is cold, Chutterbuck lights a fire if the rusty furnace just before Philip ar rives. Olive greets her husband crossly,

CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued.)

A Leap to Death.

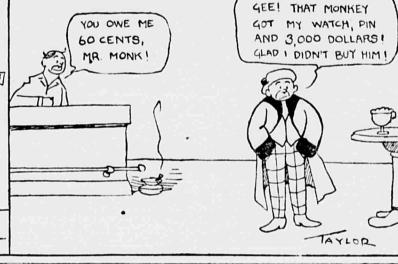
Prof. Keith-when his cough per-

'It is odd. Philip, what luck you have

in avoiding any inconvenience, any extreme of heat or cold, any lack of

floating in on the full tide of solace, of

mitted him-said:



* By Clara Morris.

erred to.

Amen.

both children fldgeted uncomfortably

After a constrained and far from

pleasant evening, the family retired.

Dr. Keith felt a pang at his heart when peeping into their bedroom

saw May holding Philip's hands while

he said his short prayer, and closed

sister, and greatdad, and her, too

The plood rushed to his face. He

knowing perfectly that they were re

By R. W. Taylor Francisco 20 Tales of The Plains

By Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody)

No 5. My Adventure

series I shall have more perhaps to say along which I was riding. I dismy first "run-in" with the worst sort hand, went on to investigate, of white men that then infested the There, hidden in a little gulch, were frontier. These were horse thieves, about twenty horses. They weren't And horse stealing in those days was guarded. Looking around, in the dusk, a crime that came close to ranking I saw a little cabin, about a hundred with cold-blooded murder,

charged teamster. Sometimes a loafer. lodging. I supposed a party of horse-Sometimes a professional "bad man," who chose this easy way of making plenty of money. These men once in a while worked singly, but oftener in The voices I had heard as I climbed the bands large enough to herd and drive a large bunch of stolen horses. Here heard a half dozen sharp clicks. That

I wanted a big, grizzly bear skin; or, rather, one of my sisters wanted it for a rug. I had promised, as soon as I should have time, to get her one. For, even in those times a big, grizzly could not be shot in one's dooryard. meant a long trip through the hills

and more than a little danger. A light snow had fallen and I started on horseback for the hills beyond Horseshoe Valley. I ran across plenty of antelope tracks, but not a trace did get of bear until after 1 o'clock that fternoon. Then I came upon the trail of one. It looked as if a giant had been walking through the snow on all fours. My horse snorted and fidgeted. From that I knew Bruin was not far off. I was about to dismount when my horse plunged violently. There, not eighty feet away, stood a grizzly! As I looked he reared himself on his hind legs. He seemed to stand as high as a mountain. It is unusual for a bear to turn on his pursuers at that distance. I suppose something had happened to make him angry. here he was. He had evidently just ome out of the bushes.

A Romance of

New York.

ered-had he been utterly mad?-that he

bitter insult offered her.

and I feel it often."

all were sleeping.

The Watcher.

larity of spirits.

I aimed as well as I could, and by good luck I planted the first shot in the right place. Down came the bear. Be-fore going closer I sent in two more bullets. For a still bear isn't always a dead hear. Then I skinned Bruin and strapped his pelt on my excited horse's back, just behind the saddle.

Horse Thieves I started back, but the going was bad, By sunset I saw I couldn't hope to get back to camp that night. looked about for a good, sheltered HAVE often been asked for stories spot to camp. Just then my horas about the "bad men" of the West whinnied. His call was answered from in the early days. Later on in this a hollow just beyond the creek-bed about them. I am going to tell now of mounted, fastened him and, rifle in

yards up the hill. Its windows showed Sometimes a horse thief was a dis- lights. I clambered up to ask a night's traders or some such people had put

I knocked at the rickety plank door. slope were hushed all at once. Then I meant the cocking of rifles or revolvers. I began to wonder what company I had tumbled into. Before I could move ack some one called: "Who's that?"

"A white man!" I answered. "Let me

The door swung open. There, grouped around a fire, were ten of the ugliest looking blackguards I'd ask to find in a year's journey. At a glimpse I recog-nized one of them as a noted horse thief that had broken jail a year before. Then I knew what I was up against.

"All alone?" asked one of the men. "Yes," I said. "I've left my horse be ow. "I'll go back and get him now that know you're not Indians. Two of the men jumped up and vol-

unteered to go with me. This was the very last thing I wanted. But it wouldn't do to refuse or to seem to suspect anything. Another took my rifle from me, on the plea that it would be n my way during the climb. Luckily no one seemed to notice my revolver. It was hidden by the blanket that I had thrown over my shoulder.

Then down the slope I plodded, one of the men on each side of me. There was no help for it. It was a case where a man must rely on his wits. The force was all on their side. All I

could do was to wait my chance. They led me past their bunch of stolen norses and on to where my own pony was hobbled. Then one of the two elderly Canadian who has often befriended Both men laughed, but Olive peevishly "Little pitchers," warned Olive, and mate. How quickly even in her charunfastened the bearskin, with the exacter of stranger governess, she had cuse that its smell might stampede won the tenderest love of these children of his—and hers. And in that me. The man with my pony went first, moment, for the first time, he saw I trudged after him with the bearskin. dren of his-and hers. And in that plainly that all the suffering and anguish Daphne had endured; all the present complication, his domestic dis-

I stumbled. The bearskin spread out comforts, all flowed directly from his as I awkwardly tried to recover my had truly loved him. And then discov- self. The skin's damp folds flapped down on the man with the rifle, coverhad made a mock of his crime against irg his head and shoulders. I drew my the proudest women who ever had such bitter insult offered her.

pistol and fired twice. One shot dropped the man who was leading my pony. The "And had not Olive flattered unccas- other pierced the bearskin, and the man under it suddenly stopped trying to tear with clouds of incense, I would have humbled myself and prayed forgiveness, as chranddal wished me to The mother in the saddle and sending my tired pony in Daphne would have pardoned me, down the ravine as hard as quirt and

and if the wife refused I would have spurs could make him go.

courted her again and won her back— And a scattering voiley of rifleshots proud, sweet Daphne! Well, God knows from the cabin on the hill kept me in through my wrongdoing I have placed mind that I hadn't started a half secthe rod in strong and willing hands, ond too soon.

By T. S. Allen.

both. You can't sing 'misereres' all the knew whom they prayed for. How they

The professor cleared his threat Olive would never be more to them outly.

"There's no luck about it. It is self-

"Evidently it would have pleased

you, Olive, to have had me here in

time to share Grandlad's cold with him

-which is not very amiable, to say the

that for your sake and for the sake

of the-expected, that the sooner you

resume your former disposition of

cheerfulness, of frolicsome high spirits

and fun, the better it will be for you

comfort or cheer, and always come time without harm following to the" had improved under her guidance!

1 must remind you, however

love brought to a high art."



takes legal stems to establish her rights. In this she is aided by Dr. McNabb, an gratification and of enjoyment."

Just Kids.

"Do you s'pose you kin lick Jeffries, Chimmie?" "Wat's de use o' discussin' dat, kid? Jeffries is retired fer good from

"Wot's de matter, Mame?"

"Liz is puttin' on airs 'cause her brudder was run over by a \$30,000 road and directly in their way Daphne-

Betty Vincent Gives On Courtship and Marriage

and panel, which A Telephone Romance. Dear Betty:

material raquired sition with the telephone company. meet.

I took a great liking to an operator to the medium size to whom I talked over the wire. I She Loves Two Men. have never met this young lady, but I Dear Betty: great deal for me, and I have answered her and told her I loved her. I am not be able to support me as well as going to be introduced to her next week. Do you think that there was

not be able to support me as well as the other. Both men love me. Which or is it better to give her a kiss?

spondence. However, you should not any one until you are sure you love no have confessed your love for each other one else. If the man you care for most A Suspicious Suitor. before meeting, as you both may be cannot afford to marry at present, wait disappointed in each other when you until he is doing better, but don't marry any one simply because he can give you

Don't Kiss Her Good-By.

she loves me. When I say good-by

week. Do you think that there was any harm in our corresponding with each other?

B. T. You cannot love two men at the same Do not kiss your sweetheart unless time, for if you truly loved your affective are engaged to her. When saying tent excuse for starting a corre- tion would not be divided. Don't marry good-by shake hands with her,

AM twenty-four, and keep company with a girl about the same age. I then she was out of the house and love her very much, but I don't think crossing the orchard, while all unconshe loves me as much as she says she does. She says she doesn't go out with other boys, but I don't know whether to believe her or not. How can I find

He smiled grimly, and as May after her prayer crept into bed her father Beauty Hints. "God bless them both!-and her!"and went to a separate apartment, as By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Daphne's continued existence, and soon

Cheeks Are Thin.

E. G.-After bathing your face at

Across the orchard, in a rear room of this cream into the cheeks. bare little cottage, Mme. Varide using always an upward and outward had rolled high the blue paper shade movement: Spermaceti (pure), 1-4 tied with cord—so that when lying on ounce; white wax (pure), 1-4 ounce; the bed she could see the chimneys of almond oil, 1-4 pound; butter of cocoa, the old summer home outlined against 1-4 pound; lanoline, 2 ounces.

Melt and stir in one dram of balsam The rain had ceased, to-morrow prom-of Peru. After settling pour off the clear portion and add two fluid drame thought of watching unseen while they of orange flower water and stir briskly selected the pupples she had already until it concretes.

paid the 'decent woman' for. Even
now she could hear small whimperings

Pimples.

from the basket on the porch at her window, sounds that told of the momentary absence of their white mother, whose two tan ears gave her a placid, mild appearance, utterly contradicted recommended by me. Pure rice powby her ceaseless activity and wild hi- der is best to use on the face. Drink plenty of water between meals and be-And so watching the dim outline of fore breakfast, about eight glasses a the roof that sheltered her darlings, she day, and take as much outdoor exercise fell asleep and dreamed distressfully. as possible. Salve for pimples: Beta-May and little Philip strove to save Face Too Stout.

ing trampled on. With a wild cry she caught at them—and awakened.

W.—You must get a specialist to massage your face either by hand

She drew her hand across her wet . or electricity. Only an expert who She drew her hand across her wet brow and noted with amazement that the sky was flery red. Aloud she said, "How does the sun come to rise in the west?" Then rose a sudden shower of sparks—and she knew. of sparks—and she knew.

With one ringing cry of "Fire! Fire!", about the most unsatisfactory results.

she was thrusting naked feet into Eyelash Darkener.

she was thrusting heavy dressing gown shoes, throwing a heavy dressing gown about her, a shawl over her head—and then she was out of the house and then she was out of the house and monizing shade, or darken your monizing shade, or darken your crossing the orchard, while all unconsciously her lips mechanically repeated, "From battle, murder and sudden death —from battle, murder and sudden death death!"

The monizing sadde, or deather, some strong brows and lashes with a very strong tea made of dried sage. Below is the formula for Chinese eyes h stain: Gum arabic, 1 dram; India is, 1-2 dram; with the same of the sam death!"
Sobbing and gasping for breath, she and gum and triturat men?

A. B.

You should have confidence in your sweetheart's word and not be so suspicious. If you expect to be happy and hold her love you must not question and investigate her statements.

Sopping and gasping for breath, she and gum and triturat all quantities of the powder with the water until you get a uniform black quild and add the love you must not question and investigate her statements.

Sopping and gasping for breath, she and gum and triturat and gum and gum and triturat and gum an